Chapter 226: Blessings of the Divine

The vastness of the multiverse buzzed with activity as The Twelve Divine Beings turned their focus to their worshippers. Across countless realms, temples dedicated to the gods thrummed with divine energy, their followers kneeling in prayer, offering devotion to their deities.

At the Umbra Citadel, Sung Jin-Woo sat on his throne, his twelve wings faintly glowing as he channeled his divine essence. The temples dedicated to him—temples of the God of Shadows and Life, and the God of Creation and Abundance—were scattered across countless worlds, each teeming with life and reverence.

In the shadowed halls of his temples, the air pulsed with an ethereal hum. Worshippers, from mortals to shadow-infused beings, gathered in solemn ceremonies. Priests of Shadows, adorned in robes of black and silver, led the rituals, their voices echoing ancient hymns that called upon Sung Jin-Woo’s blessings.

Blessings of Shadows and Life

Sung Jin-Woo closed his eyes, the Scepter of Dominion appearing in his hand. Through the vast network of temples, he extended his power, touching the lives of his followers. Shadow energy flowed from his being, a protective aura enveloping the faithful.

To the warriors who prayed for strength, he granted shadow augmentation, enhancing their abilities and endurance.

To the healers and caretakers, he bestowed the Light of Life, a radiant force that cured ailments and brought vitality to the sick.

To the farmers and laborers, his power enriched the lands, ensuring abundant harvests and prosperity.

In one temple on Earth, a young priestess named Arin knelt before the altar, her voice trembling with prayer. “God of Shadows and Life, hear my plea. Protect my village from the beasts that ravage our homes.”

A shadow flickered in the temple, and a soft voice resonated in her mind. “Your faith is rewarded.”

Moments later, shadow soldiers materialized at the village's edge, driving away the creatures that had threatened their peace. Arin wept tears of gratitude, knowing her god had answered.

Blessings of Creation and Abundance

In the temples of the God of Creation and Abundance, Sung Jin-Woo’s divine presence manifested as streams of silver light, flowing into offerings placed by worshippers. Sculptures of his form, depicting him with twelve wings and the

Scepter of Dominion, were adorned with gifts of gold, gemstones, and intricate carvings.

To inventors and scholars, he gifted flashes of inspiration, unlocking the secrets of science and magic.

To artists and creators, his blessings kindled creativity, resulting in masterpieces that inspired entire civilizations.

To merchants and traders, he brought prosperity, ensuring fair winds and successful ventures.

On a distant world, a blacksmith named Darion worked tirelessly on a blade, praying for divine guidance. As he struck the iron, a vision filled his mind—a sword design unlike any he had ever seen. When the blade was finished, it shimmered with otherworldly light, imbued with the essence of its divine origin.

“This is the work of the God of Creation,” Darion whispered, tears streaming down his face.

As Sung Jin-Woo distributed his blessings, his twelve wings expanded, each feather resonating with a different aspect of his power. His actions rippled across the multiverse, strengthening his followers and deepening their faith.

Meanwhile, in the domains of the other Divine Beings:

Ashborn blessed the Apostles of God and Heavenly Soldiers, imbuing them with celestial might to uphold balance.

Sung Su-Ho channeled his power through the temples of the Dragonkin, empowering their warriors and nurturing their lands with volcanic energy.

The Duo Dragons and Seven Dragons bestowed blessings of elemental mastery and protection to their devoted followers, ensuring their realms thrived.

Back at the Umbra Citadel, Sung Jin-Woo opened his eyes, his task for the day nearly complete. Yet, he felt the weight of his responsibilities grow. The faith of his worshippers was a source of strength, but it also carried the burden of their hopes and dreams.

“They rely on us,” he murmured, his gaze fixed on the horizon. “And we will not let them down.”

The multiverse thrived under the blessings of The Twelve Divine Beings, but Sung Jin-Woo knew this peace was fragile. In the quiet moments between his duties, his

thoughts drifted to the unknown forces lurking in the shadows, waiting for the right moment to strike.

For now, he focused on his worshippers, giving them the strength to face their challenges. But deep within, Sung Jin-Woo remained ever watchful, preparing for the battles that lay ahead.